

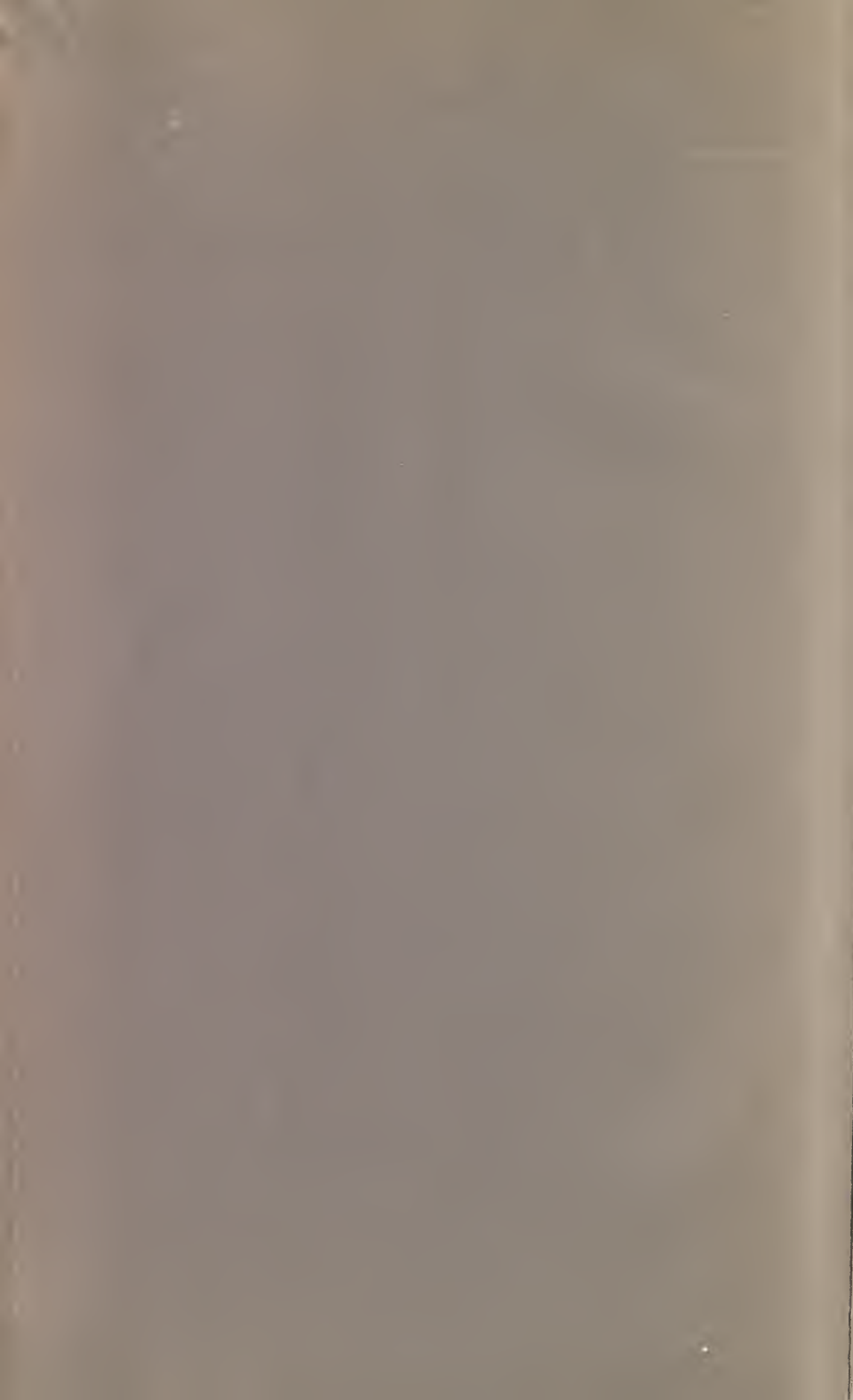
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THE  
HAUNTED BARQUE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

---

BY E. CURTISS HINE.

---

"It is a fearful stake the Poet casts  
When he comes forth from his sweet solitude,  
Of hopes, and dreams, and visionary things  
To ask the iron verdict of the world!  
\* \* \* Not for that  
Should cold despondency weigh down the heart;  
It is a beautiful and glorious gift, bright Poetry,  
And should be thankfully and nobly used—  
Let it look up to Heaven!" L. E. L.

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.....  
1848.

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## PREFACE.

Most of the following Poems were composed at sea, while the Author was attached to an American Frigate cruising in the Pacific Ocean, to while away the tedious hours—the monotony and *ennui* of a life on board a ship of war. The kind partiality of his friends, and his own belief that some of the pieces possess merit, induce him to lay them before the public. With these few remarks the Author rests his defence, and sensible that the work must stand or fall on its own merit, commits it to the indulgence of his readers.

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Wm. H. Cummings

June 17-1849-

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**THE HAUNTED BARQUE, &c.**

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THE  
HAUNTED BARQUE,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

---

THE HAUNTED BARQUE.

"I never more shall mock at marvellous things,  
Such strange conceits hath after time found true  
That once were themes for jest."

W. G. SIMMS.

NIGHT hovers o'er the furrowed deep,  
And plaintive is the sea-bird's cry,  
The stars through azure windows peep,  
While gentle winds come whispering by ;  
The sun, which like a fiery globe  
Was burning on the western wave,  
Hath wrapped himself in dusky robe,  
And laid him in his watery grave :  
The dolphin tints of dying day,  
Grow fainter in the paling sky,  
Like hectic flush that fades away  
From mortal cheek when death is nigh ;

---

While Luna, climbing o'er the billow,  
Pale empress of the silvery night,  
Along the seaman's briny pillow  
Paves with her beams a path of light.

It is the hour when ocean's slave;  
The jaded sailor, seeks his cot,  
To dream perchance of mother's grave,  
And of her prayers too long forgot;  
He slumbers, but his thoughts still dwell  
On playmates of his childhood's home,  
He hears again the swinging bell,  
At twilight peal from mossy dome;  
He hears again the schoolboy's cry  
Of joy upon the sunlit green,  
And fancy spreads before his eye  
A chart of many a vanished scene.

A gallant barque is on the wave,  
Commanded by a seaman brave,  
Who long has ploughed the waters o'er,  
To many a fair and distant shore.  
Bold THORNE! the ocean was thy bride,  
Thy earliest love — thy earliest pride,  
And on her swelling, snowy breast,  
Thy pillowed head alone can rest!  
What though thy vessel, fair to view,  
Was found deserted by her crew,  
On Biscay's wild and restless wave,  
Where many a seaman finds a grave,



Her name—her country, all unknown,  
Like morning's lingering star—alone !  
What though 't is said that shadowy forms  
At midnight throng her deck in swarms ;  
That spectres man the yards aboon,  
And gibber to the midnight moon—  
That beings of another world,  
With spectral hands the canvass furl'd,  
When the nightwatch was sunk in sleep,  
Becalmed upon the Indian deep !  
What though 't is said that groans and sighs,  
Upon the infant winds arise,  
And yells the dead might quake to hear,  
Salute the sailor's frightened ear !  
Thou unbelieving still canst dare,  
And scoff at beings formed of air !  
No sheeted ghost—no goblin wraith,  
Hath met thee in life's thorny path.

A change came o'er the western sky ;  
Dark scuds the moon rode wildly by ;  
The billow's cheeks grew wan and pale,  
And threw upon each swelling sail  
A ghastly, phosphorescent light ;  
The cowering crew with fear were white ;  
The tempest through the rigging howled,  
The distant thunder hoarsely growled,  
And fiery through his windows high,  
Fierce shone his bright and angry eye,

Whose glances in the midnight wave  
Oft dug themselves a watery grave.  
No playful star, of beauty vain,  
Peeped slyly on the raven main,  
To view her image pictured there ;  
All hid themselves in black despair ;  
While from the hissing watery Alps,  
The vessel tore their fleecy scalps,  
And, trembling, leaped from surge to surge,  
As Boreas applied the scourge !  
It was a night of gloom and fear,  
When tortured ghosts on earth appear,  
And fallen pirates wildly rave,  
And shriek along the inky wave !

The sails were reefed to brave the blow,  
THORNE, wearied, sought his berth below,  
Where, in his swinging couch reclined,  
He listened to the moaning wind,  
Till dozing slumber soothed his care,  
And o'er him spread her mantle fair.

\* \* \* \* \*

He wakened with a shuddering start ;  
An icy hand was on his heart !  
The lightning's fierce and ceaseless blaze  
Lit with its red, unearthly rays  
The cabin's dreariest, darkest nook,  
And THORNE with fright and horror shook !  
Seated around the cabin table,  
With stalwart forms and faces sable,

Carousing, was an awful band ;  
The goblet passed from hand to hand !  
Their throats were gashed from ear to ear,  
Their brows bore marks of sword and spear,  
Their glassy eyes seemed carved in stone,  
No brightening lustre in them shone,  
And each in jacket, shirt, and vest  
Of murdered mariner was dressed !  
In desperate battle on the wave,  
When reckless robbers met the brave,  
A sabre's edge, with slaughter dull,  
Had cleft a pirate chieftain's skull ;  
That white skull was with liquor filled  
From riven human hearts distilled,  
And master of the hellish revel,  
There at the head, grim sat the devil !  
He gave the toasts and joined the cheer,  
That deafened midnight's listening ear,  
And bade each trembling timber quake,  
As aspen leaves in Autumn shake,  
And when the echos died away,  
He burst into a joyous lay !

## SONG OF BEELZEBUB.

Drink, brothers ! drink, brothers ! let the goblet go round,  
For to regions infernal below ye are bound !  
When I led ye to slaughter, to rapine and sin,  
Ha ! ha ! ha ! did I tell ye the goal ye should win ?  
Ye are mine ! ye are mine ! let the goblet go round,  
By appointment I've met ye—my wishes are crowned !

Drink, brothers! drink freely! let the goblet go round,  
In the home ye are nearing no goblet is found!  
Here's a health to my subjects unflinching who brave,  
Who are struggling and battling with each fiery wave!  
In those bright blazing billows ye never shall drown,  
Till eternity's sun in the west shall go down!

Drink, brothers! drink, brothers! let the goblet go round,  
Mankind ye have reddened with many a wound!  
I nerved your strong arms and ye dealt the death blow,  
Ha! ha! ha!—we'll have revels in plenty below!  
Drink madly! drink gladly! push the goblet around,  
With the serpents of conscience ye soon shall be crowned!

'T was I, whispered the traitor, who stealthily crept  
And mangled your throats in your cots as ye slept,  
But stern, wan visaged illness soon bade him decay,  
As the moon, palely rising, sweeps darkness away;  
And the vessel unguided alone rode the main,  
Till ye found her, and spread her white canvass again!

Ye have had your probation—no more we meet here,  
And the monarch infernal no more is your peer!  
Kneel, ye slaves, to the power that rides on the wind,  
While my cankering fetters upon you I bind!  
Ha! ha! ha! ye are mine! let the goblet go round!  
To the regions of blackness below ye are bound!

Trembling they knelt, the lightning's glare,  
Revealed the features of despair;

---

The clanking chains were o'er them thrown,  
And one heart-rending, awful groan  
Was mingled with the thunder's peal,  
That made the staggering vessel reel !  
A fiery bolt from Heaven cast,  
Burst glaring on the quivering mast,  
And THORNE, his wretched life to save,  
Was wrestling with the briny wave !

The vessel covered beneath the flash ;  
A mountain billow o'er her dashed ;  
Thus Alpine avalanche descends,  
And o'er the shrinking hamlet bends  
One moment with its threatening hands,  
Then bursts and o'er the plain expands,  
Crushing beneath the fatal blow,  
Mankind in shapeless ruin low !  
Thus burst the hissing Alp-like wave,  
And buried many a seaman brave !

Still THORNE undaunted stemmed the flood,  
And manfully his fate withstood,  
Till Fortune, (fickle, wayward child,)  
Descended mid the waters wild,  
And bore to him a shattered mast,  
To which with cords he bound him fast.

There long he rode the billows o'er,  
Till on a sandy, unknown shore,  
The broken spar with him was cast,  
Before the fury of the blast.

## THE WINDS.

YE WINDS who bear my barque upon your wing,  
Mysterious wanderers o'er the peopled earth !  
Say ! will ye strike the minstrel's wearied string,  
And light a lonely heart again with mirth ?  
From whence come ye, and where had ye your birth ?  
Untired ye roam, with active, restless feet,  
Through crowded streets and round the cotter's hearth,  
Where joy and sorrow, worth and crime ye meet,  
Alike in winter's cold, and blazing summer's heat !

YE WINDS OF SPRING, with soft and fragrant breath,  
Come stealing o'er the senses like a dream ;  
Ye wake the violet from its sleep of death,  
Unlock the icy fetters of the stream,  
Whose laughing waters in the sunlight gleam,  
And joyous dance to your Æolian strain ;  
While the calm lake reflects the sun's last beam,  
Whose golden tints do from its bosom wane,  
Like changing rainbow hues of hapless dolphin slain !

---

Ye breathe upon the sear and naked field,  
Who wraps herself in emerald mantle fair,  
Her glowing bosom from your eye concealed,  
For warm the kisses ye have planted there ;  
And maiden-like, and coy, no more she 'll bare  
Her blooming beauties to your ardent gaze ;  
But her soft cheek will crimson flowerets wear,  
When ye her peerless loveliness shall praise,  
And from her swelling breast playful its screen ye raise !

The leafless forest meets your fond embrace,  
And swelling buds proclaim your genial power ;  
Stern winter's footsteps quickly ye efface,  
And take the scent of many an early flower ;  
Ye kiss sweet lips in beauty's shaded bower :  
But like all earthly things ye too must die,  
When ye have reigned your brief and fleeting hour !  
Yes ! on the wings of May ye soon will fly,  
When sunny fields are green, and blue the summer sky !

Ye SUMMER WINDS—pilgrims from southern lands,  
Wearied of playing mid their groves and vines ;  
Ye bring soft odours in your gentle hands,  
And softly whisper through the moaning pines,  
Of sunny climes, where ope the golden mines,  
Where fragrant fruits spontaneous grace each tree,  
Where deathless summer, crowned with roses, shines,  
Where joyous rivers sport in playful glee,  
And white-winged vessels glide along a waveless sea !

---

When evening drops her curtain o'er the world—  
When the red sun his daily task hath done,  
And golden banner round his couch is furled,  
Ye come with voices like a spirit's tone,  
Fanning the heated air, but soon are gone,  
To quench your burning thirst with sparkling dew,  
From the fair bosom of the moonlit lawn ;  
Then, soaring up, athwart the heavens blue,  
Ye waft the cloud-winged barque with her ærial crew !

And when the sun climbs o'er the eastern hills,  
And through a sea of saffron lifts his head ;  
When his bright eye the world with glory fills,  
When moon and stars before his car have fled,  
Ye coyly come, by unseen spirits led,  
Rippling the peaceful lake with playful hand,  
Whispering the sluggard to forsake his bed,  
While morn and beauty linger o'er the land,  
And mountain sentinels in golden trappings stand !

Ye AUTUMN WINDS—sad death-knell of the year—  
Who sweep with mournful voices o'er the plain !  
Ye strew the faded flowers o'er Nature's bier,  
And chill, with frosty breath, in every vein,  
Earth's ebbing life-blood ere it greets the main !  
The yellow maize fields rustle as ye pass  
With rainbow tints the forest leaves to stain,  
And the green meadow takes the hue of brass,  
As with relentless feet ye trample down its grass !



---

Ye learn to mimic Winter's wrathful tone,  
And sing his dreary songs too oft and soon ;  
At midnight's wizzard hour ye lowly moan,  
And drift the grey clouds past the waning moon ;  
Ye shake the ripe nuts for the sly racoon,  
Who, ever prudent, gathers in his store,  
While yet the Indian Summer's smoky noon  
Lingers with swelling sails on Winter's shore ;  
Ere fleecy snows descend, and dismal tempests roar.

Through dread November's night with moaning sighs,  
Ye watch by Nature's death bed—soothe her care,  
And with cold fingers close her dying eyes ;  
Then shriek and howl amid the forest bare ;  
And should some tree retain its mantle fair,  
Ye tear it off and bow each monarch low !  
For all, like you, *must* sombre features wear  
When to the funeral of the year they go,  
And the death hymn you chant in measured notes and slow !

Ye WINTER WINDS—when the black storm-cloud lowers,  
Ye haste with frowning brow upon your way ;  
Sounding the requiem of the withered flowers,  
While bending forests own your fearful sway,  
And cowering oaks for hopeless mercy pray !  
With tempests fierce ye lash the hissing wave,  
And strew its rocky shores with frosty spray,  
Digging for foundering barques a yawning grave,  
Where sink to depths unknown the beautiful and brave !

---

The howling spirit of the fearful storm  
Ploughs awful furrows in the midnight deep ;  
The martial waves their white-plumed columns form,  
And with their tempest music onward sweep,  
While the scourged vessel o'er the surge doth leap  
Like lonely spectre on some desert plain ;  
With shattered wing she climbs the watery steep,  
Then down to horrid valleys darts again,  
While roars your wrathful voice, and moans the tortured main !

Ye seek the lone and unprotected cot,  
Where shivering poverty obscurely dwells,  
Whose ragged offspring mourn their hapless lot,  
Till bitter tears o'erflow their briny wells :  
Then your loud trumpet voice to terror swells,  
As with rude grasp ye rend their tattered clothes,  
And tell of Charity's secluded cells,  
Where needy want submits to taunts and blows,  
For shelter from your wrath and winter's driving snows !

Ye WINDS who bear my barque upon your wing,  
Mysterious wanderers from zone to zone ;  
Æolian voices to my ear ye bring,  
Fond notes of other years blend with your moan !  
Like spirit's whisper by the grave's cold stone,  
They 're fraught with music, gentle, soft and sweet,  
Like one now silenced but remembered tone  
That thrilled my boyish veins. On angel feet  
O'er the dark rolling waves, those witching sounds retreat !

## AUBURN.

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."  
GOLDSMITH.

"Where genius might revel by mountain and stream,  
And fancy give wings to her holliest dream."

How often through the mists of time,  
Come memories bright across the soul,  
As gilded clouds in southern clime  
Athwart the setting sun will roll ;  
And like our youthful dreams of heaven,  
Shed radiance on the clouded heart,  
When all is dark, a sunbeam given  
To dry the gushing tears that start !

Sweet AUBURN ! such the radiant light  
That fills my soul at thoughts of thee !  
Like music of a summer night  
Which floats along the moonlit sea,  
Fond memories of thy bright green vales  
Are floating gently, softly by,  
Thy quiet woods, thy hills and dales  
Are spread before my mental eye.

Upon a hill which gazes o'er  
Owasco's soft and spreading vale,  
There stands a fortress, but no more  
Upon the fragrant summer gale,  
Comes borne the painted warrior's cry,  
Nor Indian maiden's plaintive tones,  
But 'mong green trees that tower on high,  
The gentle south wind lowly moans.

There, oft I've seen the rosy blush  
Of early morn steal o'er the sky,  
As cheeks of timid maiden flush  
When lover seeks her downcast eye ;  
And there I've watched the waking sun  
Bathe Auburn's snowy spires in gold,  
And when his western goal was won,  
Rest on the hills like knight of old.

Sweet Auburn ! though thy sunny hills  
May never greet my sight again ;  
Though the wild music of thy rills  
Is changed for roar of faithless main,  
Within thy bounds is many a heart,  
That warms with kindly thoughts for me,  
And tears to kindly eyes will start,  
When I am on the wide, deep sea !

---

But there is one with starry eye,  
Who dwells amid thy peerless scenes,  
For whom my absent heart will sigh,  
When distant far our barque careens !  
Sweet maiden, should these hurried lines  
E'er meet thy pensive, tearful sight,  
Remember that the morning shines  
The brightest when most black the night.

L' ENVOY TO LAURA.

---

I'M on the main, far, far from thee,  
Thou brightest star in memory's sky !  
A flowery isle in life's dark sea,  
Thou long hast bloomed to glad my eye.  
Though ocean's furrowed breast I roam,  
And voices strange are in mine ear—  
Fond thoughts of thee, and childhood's home,  
Like angels come my heart to cheer.

I loved—and all unknown to thee,  
I've gazed upon thy sunny brow,  
And longed to bend a suppliant knee  
To one so fair and bright, when thou  
Wert like the opening rose of June,  
Thy sweetest, loveliest leaves concealed,  
But years that bade me hold commune  
With grief, thy charms have all revealed.

Yes, years have flown and mid the storm,  
Where ocean's surges madly rave,  
In dreams I saw thy blighted form,  
Placed pale and faded in the grave ;

Like lily broken from its stem  
 And crushed in earth by ruthless feet,  
 When the bright lustre of the gem  
 Was dimmed, no smile the gem did greet.

I loved thee, but thou knewst it not ;  
 I would not cloud one sunny hour  
 Of thine, and tore me from the spot  
 Where thou, a bright and peerless flower,  
 A fragrance lent to every breeze,  
 Whose soft wing fanned my fevered cheek,  
 And sought in lands beyond the seas,  
 To crush the love I durst not speak.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years rolled away—we met again—  
 A deeper light was in thine eye,  
 As Sol, ascending, brighter stains  
 The azure of the morning sky :  
 Yet still, perchance thou didst not dream  
 The music of thy voice to me,  
 And that my thoughts, like long pent stream,  
 Would burst their bounds and flow to thee.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ———.

SHE is gone to repose; and she slumbers in sadness,  
Where silence enwraps her in darkness and gloom;  
Her sweet voice is hushed, and the heart full of gladness,  
That beat for me only, is cold in the tomb.

As the quiet stream looks on the sun brightly gleaming,  
Till its bosom is filled with its radiance bright,  
So in her dark eyes which with Heaven were beaming,  
I gazed till my spirit was filled with their light.

Farewell—thou art faded, and cold is thy pillow,  
But at evening, the stars from their home in the sky,  
Send the breezes to open the boughs of the willow,  
Look down on thy grave through its branches and sigh.

Thy spirit hath gone to a land full of beauty,  
Where flowers of happiness scent every wind;  
By angels thy pallet is held, for thy duty  
Is to paint the bright clouds when the sun has declined.



## RIO DE JANEIRO.

O! COULD I dip my raptured pen,  
In some bright, fairy haunted glen,  
Filled with the soft and blushing dyes,  
That stain the western sunset skies ;  
Could I but seize the rainbow's hues,  
To blend with morning's pearly dews,  
Which hang like tear drops on the flowers,  
That love to bloom in beauty's bowers ;  
Then would I paint each scene that glows,  
More lovely than the opening rose,  
Which Rio mirrors in her bay,  
A theme for poet's sweetest lay !

When Nature, with industrious hand,  
From ocean's bosom raised the land,  
With ceaseless toil and endless care,  
Each day she placed new beauties there.  
Green, verdant hills on high she piled,  
And rugged mountains steep and wild,

Where oft between, soft plains were spread,  
Where many a wild flower reared its head ;  
Blue streams from jutting crags she poured,  
Which mid her infant forests roared ;  
But when the yellow Autumn waned,  
One spot unfinished still remained.

Wearied, she cried, " I'll toil no more,  
But o'er my cultured fields will soar,  
And cull the fairest, brightest scenes,  
Between the poles that intervene,  
And strew them with a lavish hand,  
To deck this soft, enchanted land."

She said, and o'er the ocean blue,  
With sounding wings she swiftly flew ;  
Like lightning leaping from on high,  
The fleet winged winds she darted by,  
Till, Afric's sunny shores in sight,  
She rested from her arrowy flight,  
And throwing her bright glances round,  
A range of mountains there she found,  
Begemmed with matchless flowerets o'er ;  
Those mountains from their couch she tore,  
And bound them on her shoulders fair,  
Then soaring, clove the parting air,  
And like Sahara's sultry wind,  
Left nought but desert plains behind !

---

As meteor sails athwart the sky,  
Leaving a fiery wake on high,  
She sought the flowery breast of France,  
And saw bright streamlets on it dance.  
With silvery feet they tripped along,  
To their own wild but plaintive song ;  
She culled the fairest in the land,  
And scooped them in her hollowed hand !  
Then turned and over Alpine chains,  
Journeyed to fair Italia's plains.  
There golden fruits and crimson flowers,  
Enchanted, hung in beauty's bowers,  
As if 't were joy to scent the air,  
That kissed such blooming angels there !  
Ruthless each floweret from its stem,  
She plucked, fair Rio's breast to gem ;  
They 're gone—Italian maidens fair,  
Go ask the winds of Autumn, where !

Homeward she turned her flight again,  
And winged her o'er the western main ;  
Soaring full oft in passing by,  
Into the starry, concave sky,  
To catch each gold and amber hue,  
That floated in its sea of blue ;  
Till, overladen with the spoil,  
Her weary pinions drooped with toil,  
And by sweet Rio's glittering town,  
She set her load of beauty down.

A bay with deathless azure crowned,  
Is manacled with verdure round ;  
And yet a smile upon it reigns,  
As if it loved its flowery chains !  
Thus oft when Hymen's nuptial bands,  
Entwine two lovers' willing hands,  
They gaze with rapture on the tie,  
And all the ills of life defy ;  
For worlds, apart they would not stray,  
Nor tear those silken chains away !

Upon that waveless bay serene,  
Is pictured many a peerless scene ;  
Green mountain peaks, that tower on high,  
Ambitious rivals of the sky,  
With humbler hills where breezes sigh,  
Through foliage thick, in passing by,  
Where white-walled cots beside the deep,  
From out their leafy prisons peep,  
And little isles that softly smile,  
Beneath the weight of mouldering pile,  
But soon the hand of dull decay,  
Will sweep those crumbling walls away !

Fair Rio's white and stately town,  
That wears the mantle of renown !  
Like some gay, fabled ocean queen,  
Embowered in groves of brightest green,  
She sits beside the placid deep,  
And clings along each grassy steep,

While many a turret shoots on high,  
On which the morning's opening eye,  
Looks down with ardent, fiery gaze,  
And sees them in his lustre blaze ;  
While churches and cathedrals gray,  
With granite shields, defy decay !

Where countless barks go gliding down,  
Grim pondrous castles darkly frown,  
Whose open-mouthed embrasures show,  
Their iron fangs in many a row,  
And howling oft along the wave,  
Wake echo in his mountain cave,  
Who rushes out with angry cries,  
To which each mocking wood replies,  
And laughs with laughter long and deep,  
To see him startled from his sleep !

Reclined along the western sky,  
The day has closed his weary eye,  
And sent his last glance o'er the deep,  
Then, wrapped in darkness, sunk to sleep.  
Each mountain sad and black appears,  
Like pall around the funeral bier,  
Till Luna lifts her radiant brow,  
And cleaves the sky with silvery prow,  
Then every peak is bathed in light,  
Each mossy rock is gleaming bright,  
And forests, clothed in burnished leaves,  
That whisper to the playful breeze,

---

Appear like distant armies crowned  
With diamonds for some act renowned !  
In Nature's vast and starry hall,  
Which circling azure skies enwall,  
The chandelier on high displays,  
Its countless lamps that brightly blaze ;  
While in their mountain seats below,  
An orchestra of insects blow  
Their myriad pipes, which lend the air  
A voice so sweet, so soft and fair,  
One well might deem that angels bright,  
Had left their golden realms of light,  
To whisper in the listening ear,  
And bid the soul in Heaven appear !

Our frigate's wings are spread in flight,  
The ocean swallows from my sight  
Each moonlit hill begemmed with dew,  
As swift we plough the waters blue.  
But still fond memory shall retain  
A portrait of each smiling plain,  
Whose tints are penciled on the mind,  
Though Rio's scenes are left behind !

## TO THE ANDES.

EARTH'S towering mountains own thee king,  
Thy head is crowned with snow,  
Where the condor rests his wearied wing,  
When icy tempests blow.  
The lone Pacific's trembling waves,  
Are covering at thy feet,  
With palid cheeks like those of slaves,  
When thy stern glance they meet!

Thou ne'er hast stooped to hold commune,  
With lowly things of earth,  
Alike to thee is flowery June,  
Or cold December's birth ;  
Companionship thou hast with clouds,  
They hover round thy head,  
And wrap thy form in misty shrouds,  
Like winding sheets, the dead !

Thy head is soaring to the sky,  
Thine eye perchance doth scan  
The beauties of the world on high,  
Where dwells the soul of man ;  
Perchance thou seest the matchless hand,  
That paints the sunset skies,  
The wall which circles that bright land,  
Where pleasure never dies !



## FORT HILL.\*

—  
“— Near one of those still lakes  
That in a shining cluster lie,  
On which the south wind scarcely breaks  
The image of the sky.”      BRYANT.

—  
BRIGHT spot, on which the golden sun  
First gazes in the early morn,  
And when his western goal is won  
Last of his glory shorn!  
I stand amid thy moaning trees,  
And listen to the evening breeze.

A voice is in the rustling leaves  
That weave a roof above my head,  
A voice of wo, like one that grieves  
Beside the early dead ;—  
And plaintive, low, distinct and clear,  
A spirit warrior's voice I hear :

---

\* A rise of ground situated in Auburn, on which is an old Indian Fort, of the time or cause of the origin of which, nothing is known.

---

“ My race has perished like the flowers  
That droop beneath the Autumn blast,  
Like withered leaves that wintery showers  
Upon the cold earth cast ;  
But still my spirit lingers here,  
Beside the scenes in life so dear.

“ Here, where the watch-fires blazed around,  
And painted warriors gaily sang  
Of deeds upon the battle ground,  
Until the green wood rang ;—  
No traces of their band remain,  
Save ruined mound above the slain.

“ But still I love to wander where  
My little feet in childhood strayed,  
And listen to the evening air  
That roams amid the shade ;—  
And think of one that early died,  
Who sleeps upon this green hill's side.

“ She was the brightest of the gay  
And happy maidens here that dwelt,  
The sunlight of my boyhood's day,  
To whom alone I knelt ;  
But in the rose a canker lay,—  
It withered from my sight away.

- 
- “ I loved her, and her lightest tone-  
    Was music sweeter far to me  
Than that around the radiant throne  
    Where seraphs bend the knee ;  
She was to me a memory rare  
Of all things lovely, bright and fair.
- “ She drooped as droops the gentian flower,  
    When falls the blighting, hoary frost,  
But still delayed her parting hour,  
    Though life its charms had lost,  
Through summer’s bright and sultry day,  
Till Autumn on the forest lay.
- “ Then, while the rainbow’s painted robe  
    Was wrapped around the clustered trees,  
And when the sun, like fiery globe,  
    Looked through the smoky breeze :—  
When all her sister flowers were dead,  
In sighs her gentle spirit fled ;
- “ As if it grieved to leave the home,  
    So beautiful, where it had dwelt,  
Through Manitou’s bright climes to roam,  
    Where endless bliss is felt ;  
Where silver streamlets laughing run,  
In lands beyond the setting sun.

---

\* \* \* \* \*

“ They laid her in her place of rest,  
Upon this green hill’s sunny side,  
And heaped the mould upon the breast,  
Cold, cold, to joy and pride ;—  
And here my lingering soul must stay,  
And weep the lagging hours away.”

## MADEIRA.

WHEN through the briny billows' spray,  
The wanderer ploughs his lonely way,  
Where nought but waters heaving high,  
For weary months can greet his eye ;  
How sweet uprears from ocean's breast,  
Some sunny isle in verdure dressed !  
Thus fair MADEIRA lifts its head,  
To which the stooping skies are wed.  
Its brow upholds a wreath of snow,  
Where wintery tempests hoarsely blow ;  
While far below, soft valleys shine,  
Where amorous vines in beauty twine,  
O'er tiny cots that whitely gleam,  
Beside each seaward hastening stream,  
Where Lusian beauties sauntering stray,  
And pass the noontide hours away !

Romantic town that crowns the steep,  
Fair FUNCHAL, gazing on the deep !  
Thy castle planted on the crag,  
Where waves on high the Lusian flag,

---

And floats in gorgeous splendor bright,  
In the first blush of morning light ;  
On beetling bluff thy dwellings white,  
That glimmer through the pall of night ;  
Thy scattered cots that firmly cling,  
Along the mountain's drooping wing ;  
The stately convent walls half seen,  
Peeping from out their woody screen,  
Where shepherds watch their timid flocks,  
Browsing amid the frowning rocks ;—  
Like landscape of a dream by night,  
Ye vanish from my aching sight !

## LIMA.

---

SHE seems a city of the dead,  
Her stately grandeur weeping fled,  
With wrinkled brow and stern—Decay  
Stands scowling o'er her ruins gray !  
Her Viceroy's long have filled the tomb,  
And faction wraps their land in gloom,  
But fading beauty lingers still,  
Beside each streamlet, wood and rill.

When evening throws her shades around,  
And moonbeams stain with silvery hue,  
The vast cathedral turrets, crowned  
With towering crosses, bathed in dew ;  
Like lingering sentinels they stand,  
Beside the pale, unburied slain,  
And upward point with dusky hand,  
To lands where they shall meet again !

---

Vast churches, decked with paintings rare,  
And sculptured statues coldly fair,  
And rifled altars meet the eye,  
Claiming the passing stranger's sigh.  
Grim Revolution bore away,  
With gory hand their trappings gay,  
And gloom and ruin frowning stride,  
Where gentle streamlets gaily glide.

Unchanged those streamlets wander on,  
As bright as when their waters blue,  
Reflected ROLLA's features wan,  
When flying from PIZARRO's crew!  
They murmur yet a tale of wo,  
In many a sympathizing ear;  
Of patriot true—of vengeful foe—  
Of pride, of sorrow, hope and fear!

Her Plaza, where bright fountains play,  
And sweet mantilla'd maidens stray;  
Their beauties veiled save flashing eye,  
Which glitters like a star on high,  
Peering from out a sable cloud,  
When hand of tempest parts its shroud;  
But let that cloudy veil be rent,  
On heavenly charms the gaze is bent!



O, Lima ! though thy sons decay,  
There was a day when war's alarm  
Could 'neath a daring Rolla's sway,  
With valor nerve each patriot's arm !  
'T is true that day hath long been past,  
And earthquake, famine, pestilence,  
Have o'er thy soil their shadows cast,  
And borne thy martial spirit hence !

'T is night—soft, gentle breezes sigh,  
And whisper through my lattice high ;  
The round moon climbs above the hills,  
And views her sister in the rills ;—  
Her golden light is gaily thrown  
On many a quaint and crumbling stone,  
On ruined bastion, keep, and wall,  
Her beams of glory softly fall !

The bright-eyed stars are looking down,  
Serene and sweet on hill and plain ;  
Perchance fair angels' heads they crown,  
Who gaze upon this land in pain ;  
For could they softly, sweetly smile, \\  
On country steeped in blood and sin,  
Where man, God's noblest works defile,  
Nor seek immortal joys to win !

---

Strange voices meet my listening ear,  
Senora's notes, low, soft and clear ;  
From gloomy church the chiming bell,  
Rings for departing hours the knell ;  
While night patrols with measured tread,  
And armoured leader at their head,  
At intervals pace slowly by,  
Awaking echo with their cry.

## WINTER.

STERN, cheerless, sullen Winter reigns,  
And wraps in pearly robe the plains;  
The laughing streamlets, once so gay,  
Forget the sweet and joyous lay  
They sung to Spring's delighted ear,  
When earth was green and skies were clear;  
But moan within their icy cells,  
Like one who in a prison dwells !

Gone, gone are Summer's blushing flowers,  
And gone are Autumn's yellow hours,  
Gone like the vision childhood weaves,  
More lovely than Autumnal leaves ;  
Gone like the strain of those we love,  
Who dwell amid the stars above,  
And like that vision, or that strain,  
Their memories alone remain !

---

'Tis solemn in the forests wide,  
When sheltered by some maple's side,  
To list the wind's unearthly roar,  
Like ocean on its lonely shore ;  
For fancy, mid that anthem grand,  
Hears voices from the spirit land,  
And memory's sharp, envenomed sting  
Comes borne upon the tempest's wing !

The gentle voice of one most dear,  
Again is sounding in my ear ;  
But changed those soft and silvery strains,  
That thrilled with joy my boyish veins ;  
Changed like the bright and sylph-like form,  
Which like a rainbow mid the storm,  
Shone on my path in sorrow's hour,  
A quenchless light—a fadeless flower !

## CALLAO.

POOR, fallen, buried CALLAO!  
Thou sleepest the sullen deep below,  
And frigates sail whose banners wave,  
Unheeding o'er thy watery grave!  
Above, the thundering cannon roar,  
And sounds the measured stroke of oar;  
There the light barge with snowy sail,  
Dances before the freshening gale,  
And rushes through the waters bright,  
Like wild swan on her wayward flight;  
There, too, in midnight's murky gloom,  
Soft strains of music o'er thy tomb  
Float plaintive through the muffled air,  
As if they mourned the ruin there;  
But no sad requiem canst thou hear,  
The earthquake sealed thy listening ear!  
Thou'st fallen low—but fresh and young,  
Like Phœnix from thy ashes sprung,  
An infant town hath met the light,  
With mazy streets and dwellings white.

---

There pondrous castle grimly towers,  
Beside the deep, with triple towers ;  
Whose lofty staffs uphold to view,  
The gorgeous ensigns of Peru.  
Beyond, fair LIMA's steeples high,  
White, glittering, point toward the sky,  
And towering Andes rears its head,  
To which embracing clouds are wed,  
Which wrap it as the fatal shroud  
Enwraps the tyrant, vain and proud,  
When felled by death's resistless blow,  
And powerless, sent to realms below !

## STANZAS

WRITTEN BY THE GRAVE OF W. GAYLORD CLARK.

---

“The good die first,  
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,  
Burn to the socket.”                      WORDSWORTH.

“His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes  
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.”  
W. G. C. “DEATH OF THE FIRSTBORN.”

---

I STAND beside the grave of one  
Too early doomed to fade and die,  
As oft, before its prelude's done,  
Expires the wild harp's melody.  
The summer sun is sinking in the west,  
And all the landscape in his rays is dressed.

It is a spot of rest and peace,  
And seems to me a hallowed ground,  
Where spirits, after their release,  
Might love to linger round ;  
Ere, with their radiant wings unfurled, they fly  
To lands of life and light beyond the sky.

It is a spot where pilgrim's tread  
Hath often crushed the floweret frail,  
As fell disease did crush the dead,  
Beside whose grave they wail ;  
Whose strains drew tears from many a weeping eye,  
The echo of whose music ne'er shall die.

Farewell to thee, whose words have oft  
Come o'er me on the lonely main,  
Like the sweet voice, so low and soft  
Of her I loved in vain ;—  
But when the waves again shall round me roar,  
Far to thy resting-place my thoughts shall soar.



## CALIFORNIA—A SATIRE.

---

“The wars are all over,  
Our swords are all idle,  
The steed bites his bridle,  
The casques on the wall!  
There 's rest for the rover,  
But his armour is rusty,  
And the veteran grows crusty,  
As he yawns in the hall!  
He drinks—but what's drinking?  
A mere pause from thinking,

No bugle awakes him with life and death call!”

BYRON.

---

A BLEAK and rugged tract of land,  
Lashed by the wide Pacific's waves ;  
And peopled by a hardy band,  
Who hold the Indian tribe as slaves ;  
Where oft is heard the panther's howl,  
And oft the angry bison's growl :  
From our dear homes 'tis far away,—  
This land is California !

Upon the coast, a lovely bay  
Invites the stranger's lengthened stay ;  
'T is there the hunter spends his gain,  
And often dies a death of pain ;

---

'T is there the Spaniard carols gay,  
And chaunts the praise of Monterey,  
Which from our land is far away,  
In Upper California !

Some bold adventurers from our land,  
Had settled on this heathen strand,  
And sought to live a life of peace,  
As hunters of the panther fierce ;  
But Spaniards, jealous of their gain,  
Pretended that they wished to reign,  
Alcalda's o'er the people gay,  
Of lonely California !

So some to Mexico they sent,  
And tried them for their lives misspent ;  
While some were forced to toil in mines,  
Within the mountains' dark confines ;  
But soon the tidings spread afar,  
The Mexican's prepared for war,  
And JONES resolved without delay,  
To capture California !

\* \* \* \* \*

'T was on a bright autumnal day,  
A frigate ploughed her lonely way,  
Along the heaving waters wide,—  
She was her distant country's pride ;

---

Had battled oft with Albion's power,  
And oft her meteor flag had lowered,  
And now, the murderer's hand to stay,  
She's bound to California!

The sun was shining bright and free,  
On hill, and fort, and forest tree,  
When this proud ship appeared in view,  
And soon to ALVARADO flew  
Orders to quit his puny hold,  
And yield the town to Jones the bold;  
And that he must, ere dawn of day,  
Surrender California!

'T was vain, alas! to dream of fight,  
So in the darkness of the night,  
Commissioners, without delay,  
Hurried on board, their court to pay;  
And after gazing on the power,  
Ready to crush their mud-walled tower,  
They said they'd yield—alack! the day,  
The whole of California!

The sun arose in splendor bright,  
The hardy soldiers took to flight,  
Their number, twenty-five had been,  
But ere the morn, full seventeen,

---

To save their lives, had ran away,  
And lived to fight "another day,"  
So at the dawn but eight they say,  
*Defended California!*

They marched out, devoid of fear,  
A bull-dog fierce brought up the rear;  
And as they left their valued fort,  
Where many a rogue did once resort;  
Our "storming" parties gained the shore,  
And the tri-color flew no more:  
The stars and stripes that sunny day,  
Waved free o'er California!

And now that justice hath been done,  
Now that a *bloodless* victory 's won;  
Before December's wind shall blow,  
And mantled be yon hills with snow;  
Before the gale shrieks loud and long,  
Through leafless trees its wintry song;  
'T is time to bid adieu my lay  
And conquered California!

## OAHU.

LOVELY and wild it rears its head,  
In grandeur from its ocean bed ;  
Whose azure surges round it roll,  
Where playful natives gaily stroll,  
And gambol in its snowy spray,  
When slowly sinks the god of day ;  
And the bright clouds of varied hue,  
Seem fitting home for lovers true,  
Fond lovers who on earth were parted,  
But met above, still faithful hearted ;  
Smiling as smiles that sunset sky,  
When shades of eve come fitting by !

The inland peaks that tower on high,  
In grandeur toward the sunny sky ;  
The gleaming valleys, bright and green,  
The verdant landscape's glowing sheen ;  
The rude, uncouth, and clay-built huts,  
Among the groves of cocoanuts,  
Where the red savage tunes his lay,  
And sings of many a warlike fray ;

Along the beach the lofty trees,  
That rustle in the passing breeze,  
Unfold a scene so soft and fair,  
It well might soothe the heart of care !

The shades of eve are drawing on,  
The queen of night is rising wan,  
And throws her pale and spectral light,  
Upon the cold grey mountains height ;  
Our anchored frigate side by side,  
With Albion's " wooden walls " doth ride,  
And oft the carols of her crew,  
Come floating o'er the waters blue ;  
Against the coraled echoing shore,  
The billows madly chafe and roar,  
And every burning lamp of night,  
Is imaged in the ocean bright !

Hark to the sweet and thrilling strain,  
That sweeps along the raven main,  
From England's warlike, floating tower,  
That bears aloft the flag of power !  
Doth not that wild and plaintive air,  
Recall the hours of childhood fair ?  
'T is hushed—ah ! that we could but weep ;  
The evening gun booms o'er the deep,  
And o'er that deep doth loudly ring,  
Solemn and grand, " God save the King,"  
Then all is hushed save chime of bell,  
As sentinels repeat, " all 's well ! "

## ADIEU TO AMERICA.

—  
"Thus to the elements he poured his last Good Night."  
CHILDE HAROLD.

—  
FAREWELL, farewell, my own green land,  
Thou'rt sinking in the wide, dark sea ;  
Like sentinels thy beacons stand  
To point the home of Liberty ;  
And when the stranger's soil I tread,  
And stranger tones are in mine ear,  
No sigh shall rise, no tear be shed,  
But hope my wandering barque shall steer.

Why should I weep to leave the spot .  
Where dwell sweet joys I ne'er can claim ?  
Soon shall I be by all forgot,  
For "what is friendship but a *name* ?"  
And though my wayward feet should roam  
Where Grecian Islands softly smile,  
Far from my loved, my childhood's home,  
Or where the palm trees shade the Nile,—

---

I'll bear with me, where'er I stray,  
For those from whom chill sorrow's hand  
Hath torn the flowers of life away,  
A tear. But now a radiant band  
Of glorious hopes are hovering by,  
And thoughts as bright as gilded clouds  
That bask along the summer sky,  
Rush gaily through my mind in crowds.

Adieu, adieu, my forest land !  
While thou art fading from my sight,  
Farewell is waved by fairy hand,  
Far, far beyond yon mountain bright,  
On which the westering sun hath set,  
Like crown on haughty monarch's head,  
And fair young cheeks, perchance, are wet  
With tears of bitter anguish shed.

And now thou'rt vanished from my view,  
Our gallant vessel ploughs the main,  
Whose outspread waters bright and blue,  
Smile as I greet their waves again ;  
And while the night-winds round me moan,  
And swelling surges loudly roar,  
I'll chaunt in gay and sportive tone  
A farewell to my native shore.



---

The days have fled when light was shed  
    Upon my clouded mind,  
The flowers are dead which round my head,  
    In joyous youth I twined ;  
But while the sky is blue on high,  
    And the bright-eyed stars look down,  
No more I'll sigh for hours gone by,  
    My brow shall wear no frown.

How can we weep, while o'er the deep,  
    The breeze comes laughing by,  
While surges leap, and white clouds sweep,  
    Along their path, the sky ?  
Then let us sing, and the gay laugh ring,  
    Though childhood's dreams are o'er,  
While our barque's white wing, to the gale we fling,  
    And speed from our own green shore.

## A DREAM.

—  
"I awoke—and behold! it was a dream."  
—

'T WAS night on the main, and with darkness crowned,  
The Silence King, grim, was reigning,  
For a cloudy wreath round the stars was bound,  
And the crescent moon was waning ;  
While locked in the arms of unconscious sleep,  
The wearied crew were dozing,  
As with drooping wing on the lonely deep,  
Our swan-like barque was reposing.

As I lay in my swinging canvass cot,  
The mantle of slumber round me,  
I thought that some spirit had changed my lot,  
And in fairy land had bound me.  
Bright streamlets went singing upon their way,  
And laurel, each bower shaded,  
While the hills were robed in flowerets gay,  
Which no blast of autumn faded.

---

Tall forests were waving whose deathless leaves,  
The rainbow its tints had given,  
Such robe as the hand of September weaves,  
With hues of the walls of heaven ;  
And the skies were floored with the brightest green,  
Where a gorgeous throne was gleaming,  
There, with glory crowned, sat a peerless queen,  
Her eye like a diamond beaming.

Like a gem her brow all radiant shone,  
Though by raven curtains shaded,  
And her notes, like sweet æolian tone,  
Softly my bosom invaded ;  
An eagle was perched on her golden throne,  
With his shady pinions o'er her.  
And the lightning's fire in his bright eye shone,  
As I trembling knelt before her.

She spoke, and her voice, like the breath of Spring,  
Bore the odor of early flowers,  
Which the soft winds brush with a playful wing,  
And sprinkle in fragrant showers.  
"Thou hast roamed from a shore where Pride and Wrong  
With sceptred power art reigning,  
To the lovely and blooming land of song,  
That cold hearted world disdaining.

---

“Thou hast found a fair and a blooming Queen,  
And knelt at the shrine of beauty ;  
Thou hast worshipped the glowing landscape’s sheen,  
And traversed the path of duty ;  
And now in a bright and fairy land,  
Thou shalt rest in an angel’s bower,  
Bright Fancy’s pencil I place in thy hand,  
May it soothe thy loneliest hour.

Thy name shall be borne on the wild wind’s wing,  
Where far distant lands are gleaming,  
And fair maidens thy lays shall sweetly sing,  
When thine eye no more is beaming ;  
Thou shalt roam through the blooming land of song,  
And gather its brightest flowers,  
Thou shalt have the tears of the world’s gay throng,  
When the cloud of sorrow lowers.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Breathless I listened—but her voice no more,  
Like a Spirit-Harp was ringing,  
No sound met my ear save the Ocean’s roar,  
And the sea birds wildly singing.  
As our frigate trampled the midnight waves,  
The storm sexton, waked from slumber,  
Was abroad in his lone field digging graves,  
For the sons of men to cumber.

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

---

I'M gazing on the Evening Star,  
The star of joy, and hope, and love ;  
Which, in its radiant home afar,  
Through Heaven's veil, looks from above,  
Upon a world below it spread,  
Where sin, and care, and grief are rife,  
And myriads roam with thoughtless tread,  
Along the dusty road of life.

Bright orb ! how oft I've seen thy light  
Enkindled in the eastern sky,  
When life to me was young and bright,  
And all was fair before my eye.  
Thou wert the guardian natal star  
That shone upon my hour of birth,  
And when in glowing lands afar,  
I've hailed with joy thy glance of mirth.

When Time was young, ere sorrow came,  
And seamed his fair and sunny brow,  
Thy quenchless, pure, and glowing flame,  
Shone brightly on the earth as now,  
Beside his flock the Chaldean  
Gazed wistful on thy distant glow,  
And sought thy mystic lore to scan,  
Thousands of weary years ago.

A host swept o'er the Alpine heights,  
Its leader cast his eagle eye  
Upon the myriad burning lights,  
Suspended from the circling sky,  
But thou didst claim his fondest glance,  
A smile passed o'er his brow of gloom,  
Thou sawst him on the throne of France,  
But now art shining on his tomb !

Thy burning glance is mirrored now,  
Within the wild and lonely main,  
As swift our sharp, relentless prow  
Cuts the blue watery field in twain.  
Bright gem of Heaven ! still mayst thou shine  
To light the path before my eye,  
I hail thee as a glorious sign  
That brighter lands before me lie !

## PASSING AWAY.

---

We are passing away—passing away,  
To the far-off Spirit-land;  
Like autumn leaves, the moody, the gay,  
A many-sorrowed band ;  
We are passing away—passing away !

We are passing away—passing away !  
To a dim and shadowy clime,  
Like countless bubbles we onward stray  
Adown the stream of time ;  
We are passing away—passing away !

We are passing away—passing away,  
And yet we heed it not ;  
Our fellow bubbles sink ; we play,  
Nor mourn the lost one's lot ;  
We are passing away—passing away !

We are passing away—passing away !  
Our suns grow brief and pale,  
Like cheerless suns of a wintry day,  
That rise—and quickly fail.  
We are passing away—passing away !

We are passing away—passing away  
To join the lost and fair,  
Who, on the verge of the Bright Land, stray,  
To journey with us there ;  
We are passing away—passing away !

We are passing away—passing away  
From many a flower-hid snare,  
Where man his brother leads astray,  
And leaves him weeping there ;  
We are passing away—passing away !

We are passing away—passing away,  
We trust to a brighter clime ;  
Let us rear a pile that shall ne'er decay  
Beside each snare of Time,  
To warn those who follow to bear away !



## A NIGHT ON THE NIAGARA.

---

'T WAS evening, and Niagara's tide  
Like giant serpent crawling,  
Its varnished skin, in moonbeams dyed,  
With hissing voice was calling,  
Upon the cataract below,  
Which hoarsely was replying.  
E'en thus when fiery rivers flow  
Along the sky, and with their glow,  
The black couch of the thunderer show,  
We hear his stern voice crying.

It was a night of loveliness,  
A white cloud had been veiling  
The moon, but now, with silvery dress  
Athwart the sky was sailing;—  
The bright eyed sentinels that stand,  
Upon the walls of Heaven,  
In glittering robes, a radiant band,  
With myriad wings the forest fanned,  
Whose branches whispered of a land,  
Where endless joys are given.

It was a night of loveliness,  
A shallop, old reclining  
Beside the shore, seemed in distress,  
Neglected and repining ;  
Upon her thwart I set me down,  
And watched the gliding water,  
That sparkled like a Monarch's crown,  
And clustered trees, whose shadows brown,  
Lay on the landscape, like a frown  
On cheek of beauty's daughter.

Before me soon, a vision rose,  
An Eden landscape glowing,  
Like that which some magician shows,  
All red with roses blowing ;  
Where flashing like a sunbeam swift,  
Bright rainbow-tinted wings did quiver,  
But soon the fairy-land did drift  
Like cloud away, the scene did shift,  
I woke, and found myself adrift  
Upon the rushing river !

Oarless, adown the current went  
That boat and I together,  
As from their boughs red leaves are rent,  
In Autumn's stormy weather !

Now in some whirling eddy borne,  
Now bending tree-tops under,  
And all the time from silver throne,  
As if in mockery, on me shone  
The Queen of Night—and solemn—lone,  
Arose the cataract's thunder!

Down, down we flew!—no help was near,  
Dark clouds came o'er the water,  
As the black wings of Death appear  
O'er crimsoned field of slaughter!  
I thought upon my early doom,  
Of hopes once brightly glowing  
The golden skies now hid in gloom,  
And still the cataract's solemn boom,  
Came like a message from the tomb—  
“To Spirit-Land thou'rt going!”

O how the scenes of early days,  
With Memory's wings, came round me!  
It seemed as if some gentle Fays  
In dreamy spell had bound me.  
Fond ones were by my side once more,  
Their eyes with kindness beaming,  
And 'mong them her who ever wore  
For me a smile. The cataract's roar,  
Grew louder—but on island shore  
I saw a beacon streaming.

My boat drew near that rocky isle,  
Which for a moment caught her ;  
That rugged island still doth smile  
Amid the boiling water ;  
For, on its crags, with nimble feet,  
Like frighten'd deer I darted,  
While downward, on its course so fleet,  
As porpoises at sea retreat  
Toward the storm—so Death to greet,  
That boat flew as we parted.

## THE CONSUMPTIVE.

---

SHE is fading, slowly fading  
From our vision now ;  
DEATH a cypress wreath is braiding  
For that marble brow ;  
But the lingering soul still gazes  
Through that dark blue eye,  
As the sun, departing, blazes  
Through the western sky.

She is fading, fading slowly  
From our sight away ;  
In the cold grave, dark and lowly,  
She must soon decay.  
On that cheek the red is flushing  
For a moment brief,  
Like the hues of autumn blushing  
On the falling leaf.

O'er that couch where friends are sighing,  
    DEATH, with raven wings,  
Like a cormorant is flying,  
    And a dirge he sings !  
She is fading, fading slowly,  
    Finished is her course ;  
In the church-yard, dark and lowly,  
    Lies that maiden's corse !

## OWYHEE.

FAIR Eden of the Southern sea,  
Majestic, lovely Owyhee!  
Here deathless summer, robed in flowers,  
Sits smiling in thy orange bowers,  
Whose branches intertwined with leaves,  
Impervious roofs of emerald weave,  
Through which the sun, with armour bright,  
Hath never shot a shaft of light;  
Where golden fruits attract the eye,  
And scent the breezes passing by,  
Which bend the cocoa trees aside,  
Where laughing streamlets gaily glide,  
Discovering half secreted cots,  
Cool fountains, rivulets and grotts,  
And nameless unfrequented mounds,  
Which leaden mystery surrounds!

Each verdant hill, fair Nature's fane,  
That stoops to kiss the slumbering main,

---

Is studded thick with forests green,  
And native huts the trees between,  
Where white cascades at sunset play,  
And lull the drowsy ear of day,  
Oft catch the hues of evening's crest,  
That glow along the painted west :  
Or lift their voices mimicked tone,  
In towering wood and cavern lone,  
Where echo soft repeats their song,  
As o'er bright sands they glide along ;  
And infant breezes waked from sleep,  
Flit lightly o'er the moaning deep,  
And beat unto my raptured ear,  
Their gentle music, soft and clear !

Day slowly wanes—the crimson sun,  
His race along the sky hath run,  
And sinks behind the mountains blue,  
Bidding the sombre world adieu ;  
But still his golden path is seen,  
Till evening drops her sable screen,  
Before the gaily curtained bed,  
Where he hath laid his weary head ;  
Then, through the raven pall of night,  
The ghostly moon emits her light,  
And palid stars peer through the clouds,  
Like wandering spectres through their shrouds ;



---

While dewdrops gem the flowerets meek,  
Like tears on weeping beauty's cheek,  
Which gentle zephyr's unseen wings,  
Brush from the rose to which they cling?

Thy glimmering, lurid light I see,  
Volcanic, towering MONA KEY!  
A beacon shining o'er the wave,  
To cheer the pathway of the brave;  
Who oft thy ruddy blaze shalt hail,  
And spread his canvass to the gale,  
That speeds him to the fragrant isle,  
Where dusky, sunny women smile,  
And on the shore with open hand,  
Bid strangers welcome to their land;  
Or plunge like Naiads in the stream,  
That mirrors morning's rosiest beam;  
Or roam beneath the cocoa's shade,  
With cheeks that ne'er with illness fade,  
And peerless eyes that softly shine,  
Like angel eyes in world divine!

Lamented COOK, of wide renown!  
Here thy last sun of life went down,  
But still bright halos mark his flight,  
From dewy morn to gory night!

In warfare, daring, reckless, wild,  
In policy—a fickle child,  
Thy rashness caused thy blood to pour,  
And bathe Owyhee's sands in gore !  
No shout of armies rent the skies,  
As when some fallen tyrant dies ;  
No cannon's thundering voice was heard—  
No courser to the charge was spurred,  
But all a smiling aspect wore,  
On azure deep and emerald shore,  
While thou upon the crimsoned plain,  
By savage hands was pierced and slain !

## SPEAK KINDLY OF THE DEAD.

SPEAK kindly of each faded one,  
That's joined the dreamless dead ;  
By them is heard your lightest tone,  
Your inmost soul is read :  
Their spirits fill the viewless air,  
Unseen, but ever near ;  
In midnight dark, in noonday's glare,  
Each unkind word they hear.

Speak kindly—'t were an awful thing  
That one on earth belied,  
Who bravely soared with wounded wing  
Above affliction's tide—  
His worth and goodness all unknown,  
A son of Grief and Care,  
When sleeping in the churchyard lone,  
Should hear us wrong him *there!*

Speak softly, gently of the dead !  
The land to which they're gone,  
Perchance ourselves we soon shall tread,  
Like them with features wan.  
Then 'twere a painful thing to hear—  
As we unseen of men,  
Roam mid the scenes in life so dear—  
Our memories wronged by them !

The summer air that floats along,  
Is scented with the breath  
Of spirits ; and like plaintive song  
Of swan at hour of death,  
I hear their voices when alone  
At twilight hour I roam,  
Like music round celestial throne,  
Where seraphs have their home.

I never can reveal the song  
They sing—the tales they tell—  
For airy beings round me throng,  
And bind me with a spell ;  
But of the pale, all-seeing dead,  
Speak gently, softly, kind,  
And joy shall hover round your head,  
And heal your wounded mind.

## CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

---

THE memories of our childhood's hours,  
Tenacious cling around the heart,  
As wreaths of freshly gathered flowers,  
Refuse from beauty's brow to part ;  
Though CARE and GRIEF should ruthless seize,  
And tear the fragrant leaves away,  
As AUTUMN strips the forest leaves,  
The hardy flowers yet will stay.

They stay to scent our wintry days,  
When all on earth beside has fled,  
As oft the rose its form displays,  
Above the spot where rests the dead,  
Amid the storm, the battle's din,  
When swiftly bolts of VENGEANCE fly,  
As toward some planet steeped in sin  
Wild meteors cleave the midnight sky.

The memories of our childhood's hours,  
Still linger round to shield the heart,  
When stern MISFORTUNE frowning lowers,  
And shakes on high his burnished dart,  
Like strain that wakes us from our sleep,  
When sweetly o'er Eolian string,  
The midnight breezes softly creep,  
The robe of joy they o'er us fling.

## OWASCO.

THE Spirit of departed Day,  
Sat gaily on her golden throne,  
Behind the clouds, far, far away,  
While redly through them shone.  
Her blushes, as through veil of lace,  
The rose is seen on Beauty's face.

The radiant armies of the sky  
Were mustering in their painted field,  
Beneath the stern and martial eye  
Of Mars, whose gleaming shield,  
Was imaged on Owasco's breast,  
Upon whose shore I lay at rest.

'T was Autumn, and the evening breeze,  
Like moans of maiden when she grieves,  
Came softly, brushing from the trees  
Their rainbow tinted leaves,  
And said "go lingerers! join the band  
That bloom afresh in Spirit-Land!"

O never was the purple tent  
Of evening spread above a place,  
Where Nature's bounteous hand hath bent  
Such soft and verdant grace ;—  
A fitting spot for angel's home  
When to the earth on duty come !

Low stoop the gentle hills to meet  
That blue, and tranquil tide,  
Along its breast with flowing sheet,  
White pinioned vessels glide,  
Noiseless as spirits on their way  
To the far sky at dawn of day !

The golden-robed and glorious sun  
That wanders through the fields of air,  
Since first his pilgrimage begun,  
Ne'er saw a gem so rare,  
As that bright lake, far in the west,  
That glitters on Cayuga's breast !

Alas ! that on such lovely shore,  
The midnight murderer's stealthy tread,  
Should stain its pearly snows with gore,  
From mangled victims shed !  
Alas ! that wail of wild despair  
Should Echo wake in vale so fair !



---

Amid the old and clustered trees  
Upon that blue lake's western strand,  
With pensive eye the traveller sees  
A lonely cottage stand ;  
That rural spot the fearful scene,  
Of midnight murder foul hath been.

The wintry earth lay cold and pale  
Beneath its muffled shroud of snow,  
And o'er the hills the northern gale  
Came with a voice of wo ;  
Like wail amid the forest gray,  
Of pilgrim who hath lost his way.

But in that cot, devoid of care  
The fated ones serenely slept,  
While through the woodland, old and bare  
A sable miscreant crept,  
And with his keen and piercing knife,  
Bereft the family of life.

They laid them in one common grave,  
The sire, the matron, and the child,  
Upon a hill where sadly rave  
The night winds weird and wild ;  
A lonely hill that gazes o'er,  
Owasco's green and fertile shore.

I've stood beside their silent tomb  
When sadly sighed the Autumn blast,  
And fancied mid the twilight-gloom  
Weird forms were flitting past,  
That cries came from the mangled dead,  
For vengeance on the murderer's head.

Though bright Owasco's lovely vale  
Is distant now, far, far from me,  
Though rudely howls the northern gale  
Along the furrowed sea ;  
Fond memory oft recalls the hours,  
I've spent among her sylvan bowers.

## STANZAS

ON PASSING THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

---

As on our frigate takes her flight,  
A distant island greets my sight,  
Which peers its rocky head on high,  
And looks into the summer sky.  
The genius of DE FOE has thrown,  
Around the spot so wild and lone,  
A robe that chains the raptured glance,  
Wove by the hand of fair romance !

How oft when life was fresh and young,  
O'er CRUSOE'S page entranced I hung,  
Till evening in her dusky car,  
Rolled o'er the western hills afar,  
And bade me seek my restless bed,  
From which in dreams by fancy led,  
I wandered to fair Juan's shore,  
And heard the lone Pacific roar !

Not through the dreamer's misty veil,  
I now thy lofty mountains hail,  
But bright before my gazing eye,  
They lift their heads to kiss the sky ;  
While headlong from its craggy steep,  
Full many a white cascade doth leap,  
Half seen when trees are bent aside,  
As wild winds through the forest stride !

Here SELKIRK left his ocean home,  
No more the briny fields to roam ;  
And like the Eremites of old,  
Sought out a lone and rocky hold :  
But to the winds that passed his cave,  
He soon his lamentations gave,  
And found a life of solitude  
At best, was sorrowing, wild and rude !

A life of solitude ? how vain  
The wish such bauble to obtain ;  
For man will soon companion find  
With him life's loneliest path to wind !  
Some flower he loved in childhood's day,  
Will rise and scent his weary way,  
And leaves that in the tempest wave,  
Like him, are pilgrims to the grave !

---

A life of solitude ? each bird,  
Whose little song at eve is heard,  
Proclaims in accents soft and sweet,  
From comrades there is no retreat.  
Though we should find some secret glen,  
That never felt the tread of men,  
And never echoed human voice,  
Such lonely spot is Nature's choice !

And there she stands amid the trees,  
Her voice the Autumn's whispering breeze ;  
Her hair the pine's unfading tress,  
The flowery earth her spangled dress.  
And should we leave our race behind,  
To seek the goal for which we've pined ;  
On us her bright and starry eye,  
Peers downward through the vaulted sky !

And could we roam the viewless air,  
The eagle's pinions hover there,  
Or seek the seaman's watery grave  
Beneath the ever sleepless wave ;  
The tenants of the sullen deep,  
Beside our slimy path would keep,  
And lead perchance with finny hand,  
The wandering stranger through their land ;

Where foundered barks are thickly sown,  
With seaweed tresses o'er them grown,  
Where rainbow painted dolphins play,  
And steel jawed sharks dart warily ;  
Where piles of gold repose unknown,  
And countless treasures round are thrown,  
On whitening beds of human bones,  
Which thither sink when tempest moans !

Adieu !—before the breezes free,  
Our noble frigate ploughs the sea,  
And fading from my aching eye,  
Are now thy plains and mountains high !  
But still from memory's faithful chart,  
Thy heavenly hues can ne'er depart ;  
For every tint is graven there,  
Indelible as those despair

Imprints upon thy gloomy soul,  
When waves of sorrow o'er it roll ;  
When false and summer friends have flown,  
And left us in the world alone,  
To buffet with the blasts of fate,  
Forsaken, wearied, desolate.  
Ah ! then the marks that care hath made,  
Like Hawii's tints can never fade !

## ADDRESS TO THE STARS.

“Ye stars which are the poetry of heaven,  
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven.”

CHILDE HAROLD.

YE diamond isles that gem the deep,  
Blue, waveless, lake of space ;  
Night drops her curtain and ye peep  
From out your hiding place,  
For day, enwrapped in golden robe,  
Hath sought the crimsoned west,  
Preceded by a fiery globe,  
To light him to his rest.

The night winds sound their trumpet call,  
Ye gather in the sky, .  
So mustered once the sons of Gaul  
At stern Napoleon's cry ;  
While Mars, whose armor glitters bright,  
Reviews ye as ye meet,  
And chides perchance some lingering wight,  
Or turns some friend to greet.

Ye are gathered in the field aloft,  
A shining myriad host,  
Each one hath looked upon the past,  
From off his convex post,  
And seen the years go rolling by,  
When time himself was young,  
And countless thousands bloom and die,  
And heard their death knells rung.

You 've heard the battle cry of man,  
When carnage dyed the plain ;  
You 've smiled to see the Chaldean,  
Pour o'er your leaves in vain,  
Because ye are a mystery,  
And purely, brightly shine,  
Behind the earth's blue canopy,  
To light a world divine.

Like us ye have joys and sorrows,  
Your bright eyes beam with mirth,  
When the snow cold nature borrows,  
To robe the frosty earth ;  
And those bright eyes are gemed with tears,  
Which fall in drenching showers,  
When Autumn's rustling leaves are sear,  
And fade the summer flowers.



---

Are ye in truth the beaming eyes,  
Of dear departed friends,  
Who downward look from Paradise,  
Where joy and rapture blends ;  
Who watchful still direct our feet,  
In paths untrod by sin,  
That we in happy bands may meet,  
And crowns of glory win.

## WHY ENVY THE "GREAT?"

Why shouldst thou envy feel for those,  
Within whose laps blind Fortune throws,  
    In passing, wealth and power?  
More flowerets in their path may bloom,  
More sunlight gild its clouds of gloom,  
But still it leads unto the tomb,  
    By route direct as thine;—  
Nor tinselled lot, nor joyous bower,  
    Can from their vision hide the shine,  
Of Death's bright lance an hour!

They 're journeying to a shadowy land,  
    Where rank and power is all unknown,  
Poor son of toil! there Kings must stand,  
    Like thee, devoid of throne!  
The sculptured marble o'er their heads,  
May glimmer when the pale moon sheds  
Her spectral rays upon their beds,  
    But in the earth below,  
Upon their clay, as on thine own,  
    The hungry worms will feast and grow—  
No favors *there* are shown!

## THE MARINER TO HIS SISTER.

---

I'll think of thee, when the sun's descending,  
On the blue wave's breast to lie,  
When the rainbow's hues are softly blended,  
On the flushed and bending sky ;  
I'll think of the hours we've passed together,  
When our hopes were fresh and young,  
E're our sun was dimed by wintry weather,  
Or clouds before him hung !

I'll think of thee, when the moon is gleaming,  
At eve on the lone, deep sea,  
When the bright, fair stars on high are beaming,  
And when on its mother's knee,  
The breeze in some far off land doth slumber,  
Ere the fettered Storm is free,  
I'll sit and weave these idle numbers,  
My sister dear, for thee !

I'll think of thee, oft when loudly howling,  
Is the wide and tortured main ;  
When its placid face is darkly scowling,  
And wrinkled o'er with pain ;  
While its back the vengeful Storm-King lashes,  
And laughs, and shouts with glee,  
And his eye with scorn and anger flashes,  
I'll think my love, of thee !

“WEEP NOT FOR THE DEPARTED.”

---

WHY weep for the departed ?  
For the captive spirit free ?  
The loved ones, and true hearted,  
Who have crossed Life's wintry sea ?

Ye say that they have faded,  
Like the early flowers of spring,  
And that their graves are shaded  
By the willow's drooping wing ;

That reptiles now are creeping  
In the midnight dark and lone,  
Where the friends ye loved are sleeping,  
Where the night-winds make their moan ;

And ye weep that youth and Beauty  
In their bloom should thus decay,  
That DEATH should do his duty,  
And summon them away !

Know ye not that withered flowers,  
When the winter's storm are o'er  
Bloom again, in beauty's bowers,  
On the laughing streamlet's shore ?

Know ye not that voiceless rivers,  
Bound with Winter's icy chain,  
Bright rosy Spring delivers,  
And that they sing again ?

## WAR.

---

I've gazed upon each shifting scene,  
That decks the bloody stage of war,  
Where slaughter waves his sabre keen,  
And guides his iron car,  
O'er mangled wretches weltering in their gore,  
Far from their childhood's home and native shore.

O war, grim war! thy hand is red  
With blood of many a murdered sage,  
Thy path to deeds of crime has led  
The world in every age;—  
Thy waving plumes, thy tinsel'd, gilt attire;  
The wise, and pure in heart, will ne'er desire!

Here, when the Leader, vain and proud  
In glittering trappings gaily shines,  
Where oft his orders stern and loud  
Thrill through the seried lines;—  
There sits the widow, moaning o'er the slain,  
And helpless orphans curse the battle plain!

While Wellington, like butterfly,  
In London's circles gaily shone,  
Byron afar was doomed to sigh,  
An exile by the arrowy Rhone.  
And thus have gifted beings ever pined  
While warrior's gory brows with wreaths are twined !

I had a friend,—a gentle boy,  
With sunny smile and dark blue eye,  
His widowed mother's only joy,  
And in her clouded sky,  
A lonely star, that shone the brighter when  
The rest had ceased to gleam on Life's dark glen.

But through the land the trumpet rang,  
And roused each gallant soul to arms,  
The bugle's wail, and sabre's clang,—  
The battle's wild alarms,  
Was borne on every breeze that wandered by,  
Glad to escape from Conflict's baneful eye.

That gentle youth has left his home,  
And doting parents far behind,  
And to the scene of strife has come,  
A warrior's death to find !  
Soon, on the gory field in peace he slept,  
And friendship o'er his corse in anguish wept.



---

But who shall tell the woful tale,  
The slaughter of that noble son,  
To that poor weeping mother pale,  
Left in the world *alone* ?  
Who cheer her, in her deep and sore distress  
Sad pilgrim in Life's gloomy wilderness ?

STANZAS WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

SWEET girl! the hours since first I met thee,  
Are few at best,  
But deeper have their moments set thee,  
Within my breast:

Those few brief hours we've passed together,  
Like flowers shall twine,  
Around my memory—will they ever  
Recur to thine?

When distant far, this still will greet thee,  
My friendship's thine,  
And till the golden hour I meet thee,  
Be *this* the sign!

Sweet peerless rose: may sorrow never,  
Blight leaves so green,  
O! would that thou couldst be forever  
Just sweet sixteen!

STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT CALLAO, PERU, ON THE MORNING  
OF THE 4TH JULY, 1843.

BRIGHT orb of day ! thy pathway cleaving  
Through yonder blue ærial sea,  
Bright robes of gold and amber weaving  
To hide the stars from me ;

Again, thou wakest the rosy morning  
When Freedom's hardy, patriot band,  
A foreign tyrant's fetters scoring,  
Redeemed their forest land !

Far distant from that land of beauty,  
I may not share her children's joys ;  
Thy iron hand, relentless Duty !  
My every hour employs.

But still, though absent, I can love thee,  
My bright, my green, my peerless shore !  
May every angel's hand above thee,  
Blessings upon the pour !

## THE MARINER TO HIS MISTRESS.

I'LL think of thee oft, when the red sun is sinking,  
To rest in the wide dark sea—  
When the stars in their far lofty palace are winking,  
And wanders the wild wind free,  
I'll think my love of thee!

I'll think of thee, yes, when the sunlight is chasing  
The dark visaged Night away  
When the Morning the frown from its brow is effacing,  
And blushes upon it play—  
I'll think my love of thee!

I'll think of thee, yes, when autumn is painting  
The rustling forest leaves  
In the noontide of summer, when Nature seems fainting,  
And grouped stand the reaper's sheaves—  
I'll think my love of thee.

TO A DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

FOND, deluded, dreaming lover !  
Rouse thee !—dare be free !  
Thinkest thou there is no other  
That is worthier thee ?  
She, whose fetters now are round thee,  
Scoffest at thy pain,  
And her eyes, like darts to wound thee,  
Brightens up again.

POET ! well I know that madness,  
Hovers o'er thee now,  
For a shadow dark as sadness,  
Rests upon thy brow !  
Rouse thee, pale one ! there are other,  
Fairer far than she,  
That would joy to win a lover,  
Doting, fond as thee !

Leave her, she will quickly wither,  
As the leaves decay,  
That when laughing Spring came hither,  
Were so blithe and gay,  
All the wooing sunny breezes,  
Scorning till at last,  
Forced to seek embrace that freezes,  
From the autumn blast.

## THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

---

—“This is the sweet spirit, that doth fill  
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,  
My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
As a bright image of the light and beauty  
That dwell in Nature.”—LONGFELLOW.

---

SHE sits upon the azure hills,  
When stalks the sullen NIGHT away  
And listens to the shouting rills  
That hail the KING OF DAY,  
Who for her lovely form doth seek,  
With ardent and impassioned eye,  
Until the blushes on her cheek,  
Are mirrored in the eastern sky.

At noon, she wanders forth alone,  
Amid the green-wood, wild and fair,  
And listens to the gentle tone  
Of spirits gathered there ;

Then joins the bright, but viewless band,  
And leads them to the lowly cot,  
Where dwell the gifted of the land,  
To cheer their lonely, thankless lot.

At twilight, in the glowing west,  
She crowns herself as EVENING'S QUEEN,  
And in the rainbow's vestments dressed,  
By FANCY'S eye is seen,  
To dip her brush in radiant dyes,  
Extracted from our Autumn leaves,  
With which she stains the fairy skies,  
Like garb that sylph for POET weaves.



## STANZAS TO "COPPER JOHN."\*

—  
"Yea, they did wrong thee foully—they who mocked  
Thy honest face.

Thou too shall be  
Great in thy turn—and wide shall spread thy fame  
And swiftly; farthest Maine shall hear of thee."

—  
Thou art a valiant soldier, John,  
Thy post thou long hast stood,  
In the sunshine and the storm, John,  
As faithful soldier should!  
Unshrinking, when the wintry blast,  
Is howling rudely by,  
Like sailor on the towering mast,  
Thou dost the storm defy.

Thou art fair Auburn's guardian, John,  
Her grim and martial friend,  
With painted eyes thou'rt gazing, John,  
On hardened villains penned;

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\*This title was long since given to the figure of a guard in full dress, placed upon the Cupola of the State Prison, at Auburn.

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And many a rogue beyond thy glance,  
Throughout fair "Yankee Land,"  
Is thinking of the time, perchance,  
When thou shalt o'er him stand.

What though thy face is copper, John?  
There's many a face of brass,  
Unblushing as thy own, John,  
A shameless, prying class,  
Who neither worth nor sense can claim,  
Yet strive to blot each deed  
Of goodness from the scroll of fame,  
And hate and discord breed.

## THE EVENING WIND.

---

THE Spirit of Eve hovers o'er me now,  
Her pinions are fanning and cooling my brow.  
I hear her sweet voice, as she wanders along,  
And calls on the tree-tops to join in her song.  
With the tone of angel she seemeth to say,  
"Arouse!—ere I flit to the BRIGHT-LAND away!"

She has waked from their slumbers the seraphs that dwell,  
On the green, leafy roof of the wood shaded dell,  
And onward is flitting, unseen in her flight;  
Though we hear her soft wings brush the black robe of Night,  
She has gone to repose in her isle far away,  
In the couch vacant left by the Spirit of Day.









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